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Memphis,
Tenn.

Monday Apr 9-17.

Dear Joe: —

When I awoke this morning, it was to see a real winter's day. Snow about a foot deep – everything so pretty and white. As usual I started off late this morning – and when I reached First Ave. I was running at fast as I possibly can. Across the gutter and "zip"! just where the snow was all melted and dirty I had to fall – my feet just slipped from under me in the most un-discribable manner. My coat, dress everything was soaked with dirty

happens.

Yesterday it seemed as though Sadie was entirely cured. The medicine I gave her seemed to help wonderfully; but at 2.30 this morning she worked out, and it seems as though the pain came back again. This morning she felt a little better. Yesterday's weather was cold and raw, and feeling better as she did, and with a lot of company at the house to see her, she became a little careless as to drafts.

I am going to call up Nell soon to find out whether she felt well enough

water, but in a jiffy I was up and running again. Besides coming in late, I came in like a drenched cat. Mr. Swallow sympathetically wiped as much of the mud as he could from my dress and coat — all the time scolding me for rushing like that — "I was late anyway," he told me, "so what was the use of rushing, at the most I could save 5 minutes." On account of being up with Sadie, I was late several times last week, but Mr. Swallow was always there to open the dispensary for me. Yet I feel badly when the

to go to school for the afternoon as she intended doing or whether Mr. "Pain" came to stay with her for several days again.

Do you know that I didn't receive any mail Saturday? now, I am absolutely positively, doubly sure that you don't love me anymore — but with so many fascinating young doctors in the dispensary, — I don't care — There are a few, in particular, who are very fascinating and nice. To-day one of the patients brought me a bouquet of wax roses and an paper Easter lily — there is the bouquet was a pretty Easter booklet. How are you enjoying your Easter? And how are the matzoths agreeing with you?

Despite the fact that I was working yesterday, I enjoyed myself immensely. By 2 o'clock there was nothing to do, and I knew the rest of the afternoon would be just as exciting. It was so hot in the hospital that I felt I should suffocate, and the pharmacist who is on duty with me for Sundays is as kind and as nice as can be but oh! such a bore! but interesting? well, as much as any fat pharmacist can be at the age of 40 who is married

In one of these shops she had an immense bronze statue of George Washington, copied from Houdon's original and which America is ~~presenting~~ presenting to England. Up along 5th Ave. I walked up to 41st St where the big Library is. It is such a wonderful place. such a beautifully built structure. It's been years since I have been there consequently everything was as new to me. Such beautiful statuary! I hadn't much time to spend in the art galleries — but —

to Bellevue Hosp. but otherwise enjoys single blessedness! He is continually getting on my nerves — he is the type that is always running around like a chicken with his head cut off — and is doing nothing. So I just told him I was going to take a walk. Walked to 5th Ave expecting to see the Easter Parade. Whether it was because of the weather which was rainy and promised snow, or for other reasons, I do not know, but there was no parade. But there are so many pretty art shops and I certainly did enjoy looking at the pretty bric-a-brac they displayed.

the next Sunday I have to work — I'll be up there for the afternoon. I thought of you all the time, and while in the ~~museum~~ library, with each thing I admired, it was with the thought that when you are home you, too, must see it. When I got home there was a lot of company and they left soon after supper — so I went with one of the girls to her home where they had a family reunion and etc in one. We sure did have a nice time. Tell me how you spent your Sunday — and if it was because you didn't have to work — you are to busy again to write.

Lovingly
Frances.